

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.

Arc. Fie Sir.

You play the Childe extreemely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

Pal. O that now, that now
Thy false-selfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graspe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurse;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soule, Ile naile thy life too't.

Arc. I thou dar'st not foole, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I see her next

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I shall live
To koecke thy braines out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen:

Pal. Now honest keeper?

Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to'th Duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready keeper.

Keeper. Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your faire Cosens Company.

Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falsehood,
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so faire;
Let honest men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but see this faire One: Blessed Garlen,
And fruite, and flowers more blessed that still blossom
As her bright eies shine on ye. would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;
How I would spread, and fling my wanton armes
In at her window; I would bring her fruite
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
And if she be not heavenly I would make her
So neere the Gods in nature, they should feare her.

Enter Keeper.

And then I am sure she would love me: how now keeper
Wher's *Arcite*,

Keeper. Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtained his liberty; but never more
Vpon his oth and life must he set foote
Vpon this Kingdome.

Pal. Hees a blessed man,
He shall see Thebes againe, and call to Armes
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himselfe a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Feild to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he beare himselfe to win her
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand waies.
Were I at liberty, I would doe things
Of such a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,
This blushing virgine should take manhood to her
And seeke to ravish me.

Keeper. My Lord for you
I have this charge too:

Pal. To discharge my life.

Keep. No, but from this place to remoove your Lordship.
The windowes are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me; pre'thee kill me.

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Keeper